

MARRIED V. SINGLE.

Bee (single). "WHY DO YOU WEAR A PINK BLOUSE, DEAR? IT MAKES YOU LOOK SO YELLOW!"

Bella (married). "DOES IT, DEAR? OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE YOUR COMPLEXION SUIT ANY BLOUSE, CAN'T YOU?"

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not the celebration of the Jubilee nearly over?

Answer. Certainly not, for although the great event has passed, minor exhibitions of enthusiasm will continue for a fortnight or longer.

Q. What has been the characteristic of the demonstration?

A. After mature deliberation I would suggest miscalculation.

Q. Upon what evidence do you rest your proposition?

A. The evidence of my senses. For instance, it was thought that the procession would be the indirect cause of many accidents—as a matter of fact it was accountable for none.

Q. Can you give other instances?

A. I can. It was believed that the streets would have been crowded to excess, and every precaution was taken to prevent mischief. According to statistics, the spectators in the streets on the line of route were comparatively few, and scarcely up to the average of the customary multitude watching a Lord Mayor's Show. Then it was believed by a number of speculators that the sale of seats beside the progress would produce fortunes, whereas most of the transactions connected with such like ventures resulted in loss.

Q. Was it not thought that the raising of fares would be a good thing for the proprietors of omnibuses and cabs?

A. It was. And here again may be traced evidence of a miscalculation.

Q. What are the physical requirements of an official Jubilee celebrator?

A. He or she should be able to dispense with horses and carriages, trusting to his legs alone, to keep a clear head in the vastest crowds, and to do without nourishment for an indefinite length of time.

Q. Ought a celebrator to be able to spend money?

A. He ought to be able to spend money freely, by paying about four times the normal value of everything, from pen-wipers to bedrooms in a hotel.

Q. What would be the Jubilee price of a penny bun?

A. About threepence, and a halfpenny glass of milk would often be valued at twopence.

Q. From this I take it that enhanced prices have to be paid for everything in London during the celebration?

A. Certainly. Perhaps the prices would have been lower had the anticipations of the visitors been more moderate.

Q. You mean to say that the newcomers, expecting to have to pay, found their hosts ready to accept the suggestion?

A. Quite so; and where a stand was made for a reduction, a compromise immediately followed.

Q. Can you give an instance of this?

A. Certainly, in the sale of seats, where a place originally valued at five guineas ultimately fell to five shillings.

Q. But leaving pecuniary considerations out of the question, is the Jubilee a success?

A. A gigantic success, for it has shown that a quarter of the world loves and appreciates a blameless Queen, and rejoices to be her subjects.

Q. And such a demonstration no doubt will be an excellent object lesson to envious foreigners?

A. Unquestionably.

Q. Then, when all is said and done, the game has been worth the candle?

A. Undoubtedly.

THE KEMPTON PARK AFFAIR.—What is "a place"? Give an "i" to it and it will certainly be a "place" not "within the meaning of the Act." But then comes the question, "What Act?" It must be a Fishery Act, at least, so it would appear to a fisher for place, but not to a place-hunter. A place is somewhere where a horse can stand, *vide* the poet:

"This is the Place; stand still, my steed!"

There are all sorts of "places," and sooner or later the Book-maker may find himself in "a tight place." The vagaries of this argument are endless.

ON BOARD THE "CAMPANIA."—On Saturday, at the Jubilee Naval Review, an un-nautical M.P., following in the wake of the *Victoria and Albert*, had provided himself with a large number of daily papers. "You're an uncommonly sharp chap on most occasions," observed a friendly Oppositionist, "but to-day even you won't be able to 'read between the lines.'" And he gave up the attempt.



Sam Jones is not in "the profession," but has been sent on, in an emergency, without rehearsal, as the "Baron's servant," with one line to speak.

Sam (entering). "MR LAUD, THE DOOK DE LAVAL IS DEAD!"

The Baron. "WHAT SAY'ST THOU, KNAVE?" Sam (annoyed). "YOU 'EARD!"

"THE CHAP WITH THE RAPS."

(A Shadowy Fragment from a Phantom Romance.)

"How did I become possessed of this desirable residence?" I said to my little grandson, who, having had an altercation with his nurse, had prematurely joined our circle. "I'll tell you."

I looked round and admired our domicile. It was a fine place, but having of course been left severely alone, was falling into decay. That is the worst of our society. We can stand in the moonlight, or float about woods, but we cannot keep mansions in thoroughly decorative repair. More's the pity, but then, the existence of a shade has compensating advantages. The power

of becoming visible or invisible at will opens out a large field for the perpetration of practical jokes.

Not that I am fond of humour—as a matter of fact, I jest with difficulty—but still, I can see the benefit of the privilege of spectre ways.

"Yes; I got it from Messrs. POSTER AND HAMMER, the eminent estate agents and auctioneers. It came about in this way. I and my friends who occupied the very best parts of town—Belgravia (North and South), Mayfair, and Upham Park Road—had seen with no little regret that our presence was driving away possible tenants. For you must know, boy, that at heart we ghosts are not a bad lot."

"The very best of fellows!" exclaimed the phantom lad, enthusiastically.

"It may be so," I admitted, complacently. "Well, there was the cavalier who stabbed his lady in white satin, and the Scotch dame who came out of her picture, and the chap who woke them up with raps."

"Slightly vulgar, the chap with the raps," said the juvenile apparition.

"Granted," I again acquiesced. "And it was the chap with the raps who caused us to relent. I went to see the house agents, and found them very decent people. They were a little frightened at first, but I put them at their ease by some pleasant chaff."

"And everything was settled satisfactorily?"

"Quite. We gave up the other houses on condition of taking this. And our residence here hurts no one, because the estate is in Chancery."

"I see. And what has become of the chap with the raps?"

"Well, I scarcely know: but from what I see in the papers, I fancy he must be the originator of that immense correspondence, 'On the Trail of a Ghost.'"

"And will he keep in the papers long?"

"I should think so," I replied. "For such a fellow is the right man in the right place in the silly season. And here I break off—with the break of day."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unfortunate, asked for a description of the Queen's Jubilee Procession, explains.

No! I cannot sing of the Jubilee.

Of its sheen, and glitter, and glare,
Of the doings of High and Low degree,
By the token I wasn't there!

From the crowded streets I went away
To a village that looks on the sea,
On the chalky cliff of a rebbly bay,
Where I spent my Jubilee.

O'er this sea-girt village the sea-gulls flew
With their wild and weirdlike scream.
But the grass was green and the ocean blue.

So they didn't prevent my dream.
I dreamt as I stretched 'neath the blazing sun

Of the time that perhaps might be,
When a little more Love was said—and done

The time of the Jubilee.

I do not complain of the wanton wight
Who broke all my dream to bits.

For I know 'tis a golfer's chief delight
To go in for the deffest hits.

But I did object when from forty winks
I arose with a head so sore.

Because I didn't know what were "Tinks"
And that some one had shouted "Fore!"

It wasn't pleasant, that hard, white ball
That struck me upon the cap.

Oh! would that I'd heard the striker's call
Before I received that rap!

Then my dream was dissolved for ever and aye.

As I fled from that blessed "Tee";

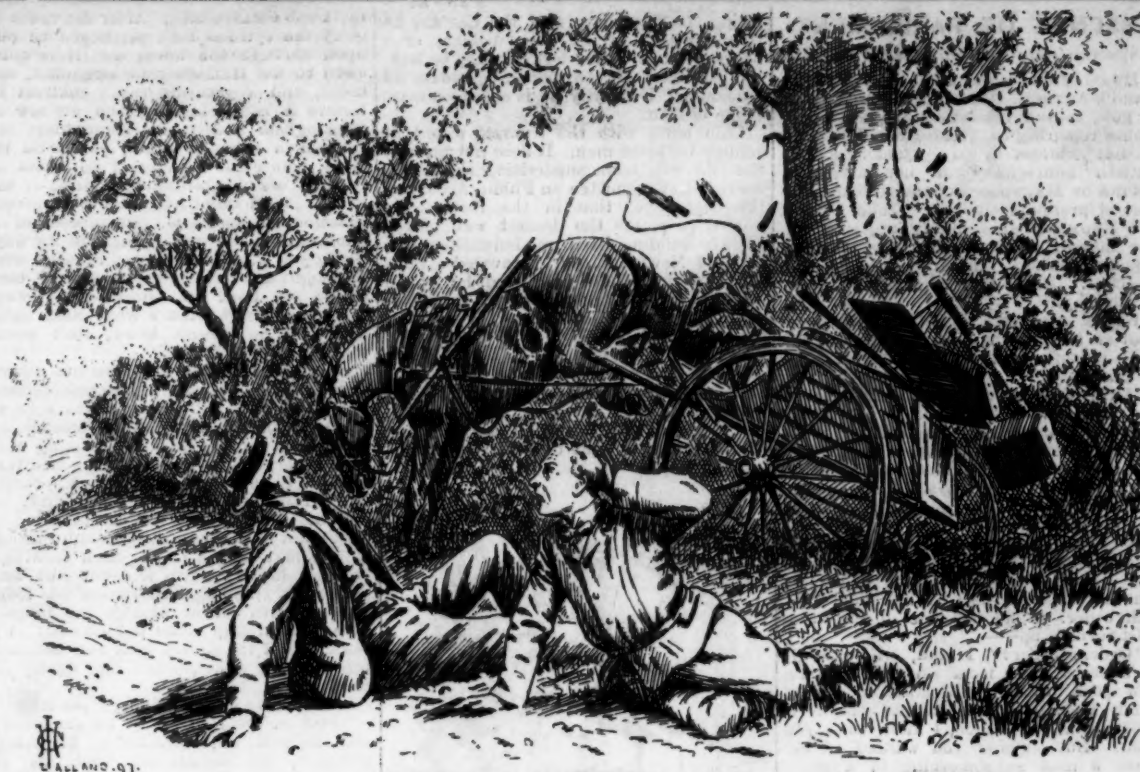
And mournful I thought of the games they play

In the year of the Jubilee!

Can it be true?

Affable Passenger (to 'bus driver). What has become of the motor cars?

'Bus Driver. Well, Sir, I 'ave 'eard as 'ow Mr. WOMSWELL 'ad bought 'em all to cage 'is beasts in at the Crystal Palace; but don't think I speaks from jealousy.



THE BEST OF THE JOKE.

Jones (who has been taken for a quiet drive by Friend). "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THERE TO LAUGH AT, MAN!"
Friend (roaring with laughter). "HA, HA! THE RASCAL WHO SOLD ME THE COB, HE—HE—LENT ME THE CART!"

JUBILOPERA NOTES.

Wednesday, June 23.—The night of the season at the Opera. Splendid! How it would have rejoiced the heart of our only Sir DRURIOLANUS COVENTGARDENSIS, could he have been present to see how thoroughly those educated up to this sort of business under his management had learnt their lesson and even improved on his teaching. It was the crowning triumph by Night of the Two Days Jubilee. Everybody was there to be seen by Everybody Else, and woe be to Anybody's friend who shall say to Anybody, "Why, I didn't see you there!" Not to have been at the Opera on the great night argues yourself out of it. And Madame MELBA was there!! This admirable cantatrice, after whom there had been previously so many kind inquiries, was there, if not in all her glory, in at least in some of it, with a bit over for another night. O the heat! O the uniforms! O the entoosymoosy! and O the lovely loyal thirstiness! O the dear draught! and the still dearer, or cheaper, draught, not of air, but of liquid, "after the Opera was over!" Ah! Some of 'em had thirst: they would not have exchanged for the biggest diamonds of the very first Water, unless it had just the least taste in life of something mixed with it! Then "came the sweetest morsel of the night!" Resplendent, happy and glorious, appeared our Princess and our Prince! and mightily enjoying the feast of music prepared for them in small parcels, sat all the Royalties and Attracting Magnates; while the great officers of State (in such a state, too! with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees in the electric light shade, if any) watched, lynx-eyed, yet with the gentle winkiness of the cooing turtle-dove. If a Royalty felt faint, Her Royal Highness had but to call "Steward!" and at once Lord PEMBROKE was in attendance. Had anyone forgotten his, or her, pocket-handkerchief, or mislaid a smelling-bottle, was not my Lord Chamberlain, Lord LATHOM, G.C.B., on the spot with everything that could possibly be required? Was his lordship, too, not at hand to answer confidently, and correctly, any questions as to the music, as to the singers, as to the history of Opera from the time of MARIO and GRISI up till now?

*for my Lord LATHOM knows his Opera by heart, and could "musical honours" be added to his title, then to his "G.C.B." might be added all the other notes of the octave. Should any distinguished visitor prefer riding to driving home in the cool of the night, "after the Opera is over," was there not his Grace of PORTLAND there as Master of the Horse, ready to have a "Gee" round at the door before you could say "Gee-rusalem?" Then, if the operatic actors went at all wrong in their "jeu de scène," was there not Sir G. PONSONBY-FANE, K.C.B., one of the best of the "old stagers," to rush to the wings or down into the prompt-box, put 'em all right, and sing, "I'm Fane to tell you all I feel!" And finally, should anything whatever have been required by any of the Great Personages then present, were there not in attendance, and in a twenty-dance for the matter of that, all "The Officers of the Household" in "full dress with trousers," and therefore ready, eye ready to run out at a second's notice and do the Royal bidding with a will? Chorus, outside, to an old tune, "How did you get your trousers on? And do they hurt you much?" O the Jubilee! This was the crowning Night effect, as the QUEEN'S Garden Party will be the crowning Day effect in London, while before that comes off the Naval Review on the 28th will have been the crowning Day and Night effect at sea. Bravissimo, Operatic Committee! Mr. Punch, distributing his Jubilee honours, says to Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, "Kneel, FORSYTH! Arise, Sir NEIL"—but he can't do both. This must be thought out. *En attendant, Vivat Regina!**

The Tartan Epidemic.

The MacTavish (very angrily, to the new Boots at the "Rising Sun"). Where, by St. Andrew! have ye planted my braw new kilt that I put oot, for to be decently brushed! Green, red, black and white plaid.

Boots (after search). I beg pardon, Sir, but the chambermaid mistook it for the skirt of the young lady in No. 13. But you've got her gown!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.—PRINCE ARTHUR, still tanned with the toil of golf, moved resolution preparatory to House repairing to Buckingham Palace to present address to the QUEEN on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seconds resolution in tone of profound emotion. Then DILLON and REDMOND *ainé* sprang up, straining like hounds in leash for first place in opposing motion. In turn made towering speeches. Resolution carried by enthusiastic majority.

Whole business did not occupy more than an hour and a half; but it had curiously irritating effect upon the Member for SARK.

"Irish opposition in PARNELL's time was," he growled, "bad enough in its way. At least, it was concentrated in one well-defined quarter, guided by a single firm hand. Now, Irish Nationalists split up into sections, the long-suffering of the House is not only lengthened, but the ordeal has no compensation. In PARNELL's time we had for our money good sharp fighting, with definite purpose and ordered plan behind each combatant. Now we fight the air, and the Irish Members fight each other. Take the case of REDMOND cadet turning up—"

"Order! order!" I said, with abrupt sternness studied from several Speakers. "To speak of an hon. Member as 'caddy' is not Parliamentary. Worse still, it is not English. Of course, I know what you mean. But suppose you wanted to describe a man as something of a snob. Would you call him 'snobby'?"

"Take the case of REDMOND cadet," SARK continued, ignoring my remark, which showed it was unanswerable. "First of all, we have JOHN DILLON issuing magniloquent declaration that Irish Members never, never, never will take part in the Jubilee celebration, for which the large proportion of them were careful, availing themselves of their Parliamentary privileges, to obtain free seats. Whilst his party are congratulating themselves on this stroke of leadership, comforting themselves with assurance that the Redmondites, the Healyites, and HARRINGTON, are out of it this time, REDMOND *ainé*, going one step further, as dear old WALTER BARTHELOTT used to say, trumps DILLON's card by giving notice of a bombastic amendment to the Address congratulating HER MAJESTY. Thursday last, when the House met after the Whitsun Recess, seemed to be TIM HEALY's opportunity. But TIM tarries in Ireland, and REDMOND cadet, romping in, got the advertisement sheet on the Parliamentary reports all to himself. Same kind of thing goes on to-night and all through the Session. Where in current debate one Irish Member used to speak, we have now at least three orations. So is our last state worse than our first."

Business done.—Agreed to present Jubilee congratulations to the QUEEN.

Friday.—The view of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES is not bounded by the Bosphorus. He counts the SULTAN as a personal friend, to some extent a *protégé*. On the occasion of his visit to Yildiz Kiosk, the Imperial host showed a memorable gift of distinguishing character. To BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, also making a morning call, he tossed the glittering Medjidieh. Recogn-

ising the finer nature of the CAP'EN, he shared with him the pure delights of a private concert. The SULTAN may be lacking in some of the better qualities of humanity. Evidently he is a consummate judge of men.

Chumming with the SULTAN would be enough for some men. It does not prevent the Old Salt from supervising the CZAR. Serving in Committee on Public Accounts, the eagle eye, that in the forties was known to pierce the densest wall of fog silently building itself up, bulwarking the coast of Newfoundland, discovered a little job. When the late CZAR died, he left in custody of the Bank of England a trifle of over £200,000. Death Duty payable on this exceeded £13,000. CAP'EN TOMMY, "overhauling the wollum," as bidden by an old shipmate whose soul long since went aloft, discovered this money had never been paid.

In Committee of Supply, TOMMY brought whole matter to light of day. SQUIRE OF



Mr. Speaker and Toby, M.P., review the Fleet at Spithead!

MALWOOD was Chancellor of Exchequer when the affair was squared. Looking across at the CAP'EN, watching the convincing sweep of his terrible hooked arm, the SQUIRE concluded best thing he could do was to make clean breast of whole matter, charging it to "the comity of nations." This phrase had marvellous effect on Committee inclined to be suspicious. More blessed than Mesopotamia. Scotch Members particularly pleased, recognising tardy acceptance of favoured pronunciation. CALDWELL always speaks of "the Comity of Supply," or "the Comity of Ways and Means." Was going to make a speech or two on this find hooked up by the CAP'EN. But so pleased to hear SQUIRE OF MALWOOD dropping into Scotch that he refrained.

So "Comity of Nations" carried the day. SQUIRE left the House without a stain on his character. All the same, it is felt that as long as the CAP'EN sits up aloft watching over the Treasury, there will be no more remission of Death Duties to the advantage of heirs of deceased potentates.

Business done.—In "Comity" of Supply.

R.M.S. Teutonic, Spithead, Saturday.—Parliament adjourned for the Solent. Everybody here, from the SPEAKER to the newest Member, from the latest Peer to

the LORD CHANCELLOR. After the vision of glory the eye has been privileged to rest upon through the week, one feels quite awed to see HALSEBURY in serge suit, tan shoes, and a yachting cap. Difficult to believe it is the same person we saw at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, enveloped in robes of State, plump on his knees before his Sovereign, to whom he brought the congratulatory address of the Peers. Wish there had been more people to behold the spectacle. The procession on Jubilee Day was well enough in its way. But if you want to impress foreigners with the might and majesty of the Empire, they should see LORD HALSEBURY in his State robes. At least, that's what SARK says, and what he doesn't know, isn't worth taking account of.

SARK, by the way, has come out a first-class seafaring person. To see him walking the deck you would think he was born in the foretop. In fact, only yesterday he was taken for the pilot. Steaming here from Liverpool, we ran into a fog off Start Point. Couldn't see anything two cables off. (Don't know how much a cable is. Suppose they differ in length according to price; but at sea we always measure things by a cable's length.) Fog-horn blowing; engines slowed; sharp look-out fore and aft. SARK standing on larboard side looking out with air of wisdom the longest cable aboard ship could not fathom. Up came one of the pretty girls who decorate the *Teutonic* and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Where are we now, pilot?" she asked.

"Still in the fog, Miss," he answered; and she went off, reassured by his manly presence, his unflinching tone, as he fronted a situation not without peril.

Fog lifted, disclosing long lanes of battle-ships all flying the British flag. A pretty snow on Tuesday, when all the ends of the earth sent their contingents of soldiers, forming part of the army of the QUEEN. To-day completes the object lesson for whom it may concern. Overheard SARK telling the pretty girl (who still believes he's the pilot) that no two other naval powers clubbing their resources could make such a show. Even the *Teutonic*, in ordinary times a peaceful Transatlantic steamer, comes out as an armed cruiser, showing sharp, white teeth in the shape of eight Nordenföhl and eight quick-firing guns, capable of doing as much damage to the enemy as a whole armament of the *Victory* in NELSON's time.

When you come to think of it, this not the least striking feature in the unique display. Admiral of the White Star Fleet, ISMAX, tells me it did not take more than forty-eight hours to transform the mighty mail steamer into an armed cruiser.

Business done.—Done our duty at dinner and luncheon as England expected of us.

Jubilee Jotting.

(By a Purist.)

THIS is the most illogical of lands!—The Jubilee Seats were commonly called "Stands"!

NOTE BY A PHILOSOPHER.—When a man's fortune has gone to ducks and drakes, it is generally the ducks who have acquired most of the golden grain.

A VETERAN SAILOR OF '37.—Jack of the "have-beens"—talk.

HONOURS DIVIDED.

(A Thought on Jubilee Day.)

THE Force of the Empire was mustered to-day;
 But amidst gorgeous soldiers and glorious horses,
 We must not forget, Punch will venture to say,
 The plainest, but not the least proud, of our Forces.
 "Force is no remedy?" That's as may be.
 But "the force," for prevention, of risk to our city,
 In all this huge jostling of great Jubilee,
 Did a wonderful work to forget which were pity.
 The soldiers and sailors went striding along;
 To be drawn to injustice by glitter were snobby.
 So let's make division of praise from the throng
 Between General "Bobs," and the general "Bobby."

MY AUNTS AND THE JUBILEE.

June 1.—Most unfortunate. Last winter promised my maternal aunt JANE to escort her to see the Jubilee Procession. Good old lady, good old house in Devonshire, good old port in cellars, good old sum in nice, safe Consols, and so on. Could I refuse? But shortly after, my paternal aunt ELEANOR also desired me to escort her to the Procession. Rather sour old lady, gloomy old house in Bath, only teetotal drinks in cellar, but many thousands in Home Rails. Weakly agreed.

June 2.—Must secure three seats. Aunt JANE, stout, always warm, has written that she must sit in the shade. Aunt ELEANOR, thin, always cold, says in this weather she prefers the sun. Can I put one on north side of Strand, one on south side, and myself on church in the middle? Hardly. Neither would sit alone.

June 5.—After seeing innumerable plans and innumerable seats, have at last secured three on a stand, so placed, that Aunt ELEANOR at the end will get the sunshine on her rheumatic right shoulder till one o'clock, Aunt JANE being entirely in the shade. That's settled.

June 8.—Letter from Aunt ELEANOR. Will on no account venture to sit in any wooden erection likely to catch fire. Letter from Aunt JANE. Cannot occupy seat on any temporary structure which might possibly collapse. Start again. Dispose of three seats at considerable loss. After great search discover small corner room in solid, fire-proof building, with large northern window taken out, and small eastern window to admit sunshine. Aunt JANE will no doubt require this window opened, causing a draught highly detrimental to Aunt ELEANOR's rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, and Aunt ELEANOR will demand that it be shut, with the blind up, a state of things likely to produce apoplexy, or sunstroke, or cerebral congestion in Aunt JANE; but I can do no more.

June 10.—Aunt ELEANOR writes that she cannot bear the noise, draughts and excitement of a London hotel, and will therefore stay at Richmond. Aunt JANE writes that she wishes to be at the coolest part of Norwood. Secure rooms for them.

June 11.—Letter from Aunt JANE. She quotes leader in Times of yesterday, warning seat-holders of every possible danger. Was afraid she would see it. It refers to excitement, early rising, anxious and fatiguing journey, imperfect provision of food, possibility of fainting, delay in getting away, instability of stands, danger of fire, risks of smoking, removal of shavings under seats, and need of restoratives. She wants to know what time she will have to start. Try to reckon it out with help of Times article. If seat-holders driving a distance usually covered in twenty minutes must start at 5.30, at what time must anyone start from Norwood to drive to the Strand? Evidently not later than midnight. Good heavens! And here's a letter from Aunt ELEANOR. She writes that she has just seen an article in the Times. Of course she has. And she wants to know when she will have to start. By Jove, yes! Richmond. That's soon calculated. About 8 p.m. Say immediately after dinner. Answer both letters as cheerfully as I can.

June 19.—Have made all necessary arrangements at last. Aunt JANE supposes that it may be possible to leave safely about six hours after the procession has passed. Aunt ELEANOR would prefer to dine in our hired room, as she evidently cannot reach Richmond till breakfast time the next day.

June 21.—Have stored in room large quantities of tinned meats, biscuits, wine, lemonade, mineral waters, &c. Also restoratives of various kinds.

June 22.—The great day. Up at 4.30. Start at 5.30, with luncheon and dinner packed in hampers. Expect to reach Strand at eight. Arrive there at 6.10. Something wrong in



HEREDITY.

Fond Parent. "WELL, WE WANTED TO GIVE 'IM A CHAWNCK, AND WAS 'AVIN' 'IM TRAINED FOR A BUTTERMAN, WHEN WOT DOES THE BEGGAR DO BUT CHUCKS IT, AND SAYS AS IT'S CHIMBLEY-SWEEPIN' AS 'IS 'EART WAS IN'!"

calculations. Aunts not come yet. Of course not. Wait patiently. At eight become anxious. At 8.30 very anxious. At nine desperate. What can have happened? Surely thirteen hours from Richmond should suffice. My calculations were based on Times article. Can they have mistaken the number of the house? Rush out. Obligated to go into side streets. Continue search. Suddenly hear cheering. Good heavens, it's the procession! Can't get back. Remain behind crowd. See nothing. Tremendous final cheer. Then people slowly disperse, and at twelve o'clock walking in streets is quite easy, and I stroll sadiy home. No news of aunts.

June 23.—Letter from Aunt JANE: Left Norwood at midnight. Arrived in Strand at 1.15 a.m. House shut up. Nowhere to go. At last drove back to Norwood, much annoyed at bad arrangements. Letter from Aunt ELEANOR: Left Richmond at 8 p.m. on Monday. Arrived in Strand at 9.30 p.m. Room locked up; could not remain in carriage all night; nowhere to go. At last drove back to Richmond. Had not expected that any nephew of hers would annoy her with vulgar practical jokes, and need not express her opinion of such conduct.

MR. DOUGLASS, the *Athenæum* informs us, "finds from his observations" that "Jupiter's fourth satellite, as well as his third, rotates on its own axis in about the same time as it occupies in revolving round the planet." What capital exercise, or axisize! Except perhaps a ride on the switchback, there can be nothing to equal the delights enjoyed by the third and fourth satellite. It is sad to think that those two satellites, attached to such an old monarchy as that of Jupiter, should be such thorough revolutionists.



A GREAT "TOUR DE 'FORCE.'"

MR. PUNCH, UNIVERSAL PUBLIC COMMISSIONER, ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY GENERALLY, AND OF "THE SPINDLE SIDE" PARTICULARLY, HEARTILY COMPLIMENTS THE METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE, UNDER SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, G.C.B., COLONEL HENRY SMITH, K.C.B., AND MR. REGINALD BRETT, C.B., THE CLEVER "HEADS OF THE POLICE," ON THEIR ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR FACILITATING TRAFFIC AND PRESERVING ORDER IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, SO SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT BY ALL THE CONSTABULARY ON JUBILEE DAY, JUNE 22.

OUR COLONIAL "COMRADES" AT THE LYCEUM.

[At the special invitation of Sir HENRY IRVING, the Colonial troops in London for the Jubilee attended a performance of *The Bells* and *A Story of Waterloo* at the Lyceum on June 26.]

WELL changed, Sir HENRY! "Comrades" was the word.
"Ladies and gentlemen" seemed too punctilious.

Few things more striking have been seen or heard

In all this jocund time of joy Jubilous,
Than Corporal Brewster, drawn by CONAN DOYLE,

And played by HENRY IRVING to "Our Boys"

From over-sea. What charm it lends to toil
When such an audience admires, enjoys!

A Story of Waterloo, told to a crowd
Of such Colonial "Comrades," was a thing

To hear, see, and remember. Did one proud
To mark those stalwart fellows rise and sing

God save the Queen together! CHAMBERLAIN

Doubtless enjoyed his portion of the cheering;

As did the moving actor. Scarce again
To such a "house" will either be appearing.

A grand occasion, met in style deserving
Of Art, such "Comrades," and Sir HENRY IRVING!

HER PEOPLE'S REPLY

(To the Queen's Jubilee Message. Voiced by Mr. Punch).

["The QUEEN's Message to the Empire reached Australia, India, and the furthestmost parts of the globe before the QUEEN had emerged from Buckingham Palace."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

From heart to heart! O'er land and sea
That message flies, like Peace's dove!
Where'er your world-spread people be,
Knit to large unity by Love,
Swifter than SHAKESPEARE's sprite could run,
They answer promptly, and as One!

Like Ariel, "ere your pulse twice bent,"
Love "drinks the air," and so returns
To lay 'our message at your feet.

From heart to heart the message burns,
As warmly 'midst the northern snows
As where the tropic sun-blaze glows.

From every race, and from all ranks,
Round the great globe where floats your flag,

Responsive to your royal thanks,
From hearts and lips that will not lag,
Fly thanks as loyal. Thanks, great QUEEN,
For all you are, and long have been!

Thanks for Imperial service high,
And thanks for simple hearth-side grace,
For patriot zeal, for purity,

Womanly sweetness in high place,
And the strong heart that ne'er did fall,
Though duty danger-clad might call.

Thanks from our hearts, beloved QUEEN,
God's blessings crown your future days!
Still may you be, as you have been,
The theme of world-wide love and praise.
A proud, free people bow the knee
To womanly worth and genuine royalty!



“THE QUEEN’S MESSENGER!”

“FROM MY HEART I THANK MY BELOVED PEOPLE. MAY GOD BLESS THEM. V. R. AND I.”
(JUNE 22, 1897.)

“I’LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH.”—*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*





Verdant Green Horn, Esq. "I DON'T LIKE HIS HEAD." Old Flatcatcher. "HEAD! YOU DON'T RIDE ON THEIR HEADS, DO YOU?"

THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

(DIAMOND JUBILEE VERSION.)

AIR—"The Old Folks at Home."

'WAY home, from many a lake and river,
Far, far away,
To where your hearts are turning ever,
Greet the Old Folks to-day!
Though up and down the wide creation
Gladly you roam,
Still clinging to the mother nation,
And to the Old Folks at Home!
All our hearts are proud and cheery,
Glad that you should come.
Here's welcome that should never weary,
Hail to the Young Folks at Home!

Though round our little world you wander,
Brave, bold and young;
We of our Young Folks grow but fonder,
Close-knit by blood and tongue.
Here sundered brother meets with brother,
Happy and spry,
All welcome to the proud Old Mother!
Friends let us live and die!

All our hearts, &c.

Though scattered far on plains and bushes,
Our boys we love;
Old kinship o'er our memory rushes,
No matter where you rove.
We're glad at heart to hail your coming,
Come, Young Folks, come!
While all the land with joy is humming
Down in your good Old Home!

All the land is proud and cheery
Glad that you should come!

Here's welcome, hearty, warm, unwearied,
Hail to the Young Folks at Home!

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE LITTLE
ENGLANDER.—The scuttle-fish.

THE COMPLETE WRANGLER.—A mother-
in-law.



WHAT TO DO WITH SOME OF THE
JUBILEE DECORATIONS.

Send them to Foreign Parts, where they
would be greatly appreciated.

TO A GENERAL FAVOURITE.

PETITE, perhaps, but charming—quite—
And beautifully dressed,
One always meets you with delight
At parties round the West.

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,
The hostess's trump card,
You hold the undisputed prize
Of man's sincere regard.

Your aspect is serene and cool,
Though crowds have round you crushed—
If one may state a general rule,
One will not see you flushed.

And if, as I've heard people say,
Too oft they find you cold,
The warmth which you sometimes display
Affords them joy twofold.

What praise, wherever you are found,
Night after night you win!
And oh! when supper-time comes round,
How sweet to take you in!

You need no bard your praise to pen,
Your fame will never fail;
'Tis yours to "fly through the mouths of
men."

Because you are—a quail!

* ENNIUS.—"Volito vivis per ora virum."

TWO WORDS WHICH RHYMED UNPLEA-
SANTLY WITH SEAT SPECULATORS ON THE
JUBILEE DAY.—"Slump" and "hump."

JUBILEE FIREWOOD.—Jubilee seats.



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

First Cyclists. "WELL, YOU DIDN'T ESCAPE A DUCKING, ALTHOUGH YOU DID RIDE AWAY AND LEAVE US IN THE LURCH."
Second Cyclists. "NO; BUT WE GOT THE PICK OF THE CLOTHES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOVEL readers, weary of the clacking in the kail-yard, will turn aside from *The Lady Grange* (SMITH, ELDER) if they know the scene is laid among Scotch folk. Wherein, my Baronite tells me, they will make a grave mistake. The story dates back to 1753, when Scotland was seething in rebellion. Mr. ALEXANDER INNES SHAND manages, by what seems exceedingly simple art, to reproduce the very men, even the atmosphere of the times. His study of that hoary but fascinating villain, SIMON LORD LOVAT, is an admirable portraiture. So are the drawings of Lord GRANGE and his shrewish wife, whose punishment is the thread on which the story hangs. Incidentally there are some powerful word-pictures of the uttermost Highlands and the least-frequented islands of Scotland. Altogether a picturesque book, of keen human interest.

My Baronite is not familiar with the name of MAY SINCLAIR, and is not sure whether *Audrey Craven* (BLACKWOOD) is a first essay in novel writing. It has about it some marks of the inexperienced hand. But it is full of promise, and displays even exuberant power.

The Story of a Billiard-Ball (SAXON & Co.) is one with a purpose. Mr. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, STANLEY's companion-in-arms in the search for EMIN PACHA, desires to bring home to the public mind the horrors and iniquities of the slave-raiding which goes on in Africa to this day in connection with the hunting up of ivory. It is a pitiful tale, recalling some passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. JEPHSON knows what he is writing about, and, scarcely less essential, knows how to write. The story is told with a simplicity that adds much to its force and effect.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"A SIMPLE INQUIRER" writes:—"Among recent advertisements and notices of 'Jubilee Music' I see advertised '*The Proper Psalms*.' Are there any *Improper Psalms*? I hope not; but if there are, I trust they will never be made public, but relegated strictly to the Secret Service Department."

ONE OF THE "LAST KNIGHTS."

"SQUIRE BANCROFT BANCROFT," that's our old friend's name; Now as "Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT" is known to fame. Rarely ere this has such a thing been done, A Squire and a Knight rolled into one!!

Even amid General Rejoicing.

Mr. Timnius (at the bar of the "Pig and Parsley," to Mr. SIMNIUS). Well! here's health and happiness!

Mr. Simnius (who has lived for a fortnight on multitudinous whiskies and scanty biscuits). Health I never had, and happiness has long departed, but still I'll drink with you, TIMNIUS.

In the Cornhill there is a paper by Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS, entitled, "How to Scan a Prospectus." Very good; but if it is not a poetic Prospectus or a Prospectus in verse, how can it be "scanned"? Perhaps our Withers will be unwrung by this critical query.

On the Course.

Angelina. What do they mean, dear, by the Outside Ring? Edwin. Oh! that's the place where we always back outsiders. A splendid institution!

[So it was till EDWIN fell among gentlemen from Wales.

ANGLO-TEUTONIC JOKE (from the Irrepressible, released during the rejoicings). Count SECOND-OFF looked so magnificent in the Jubilee procession that most spectators backed him for Furst place.

WHAT SOME OF THE NATIONALISTS WOULD HAVE US TO BELIEVE.—That Ireland is a County-Down trodden country.



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